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1981



# GRIMOIRE



# GRIMOIRE

La Salle College Student Arts Publication

*Managing Editor*  
John Di Donato

*Art-Photography Editors*  
Kathy Boyd  
Robert Sicatoransa

*Literary Editors*  
Daniel Walker  
Joe Lew

## *Staff*

Linda Barber  
Kathy Belin  
Constance Cuper  
Helen Fiorentini  
Angela Martello

Cathy Moser  
Mary O'Brien  
Jim Palumbo  
Lori Schwabenbauer  
Veronica Sydnor

*Cover*  
Robert Sicatoransa

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## Young Girl In Blue

### I. The Painting

She can't be there, baby peach child,  
Modigliani's daughter dressed in blue,  
about her neck white lace trim, wild—

taking our eyes off her boots, not new  
brown; her head tilts left to create  
dimpled shadows on cinder rose walls . . . Too,

the boots blend, silhouettes to bricks, crates  
befriending her faint cardboard pose . . .  
The corner behind her is dull, like the fate

of her triangular hands, club-like toes  
at the end of her arm . . . Look beyond lace  
to the tilting ribbon in her hair, bows

of her young mind, tied reluctantly in place . . .  
Her face divides at a left orange line  
of a nose too bold to dismiss, or erase.

She can't be there yet—in the climbing rose vine,  
the owning of a self beyond a lace neck;  
she is trapped still, heavenly, in the age of nine.

The challenge to which she will commit  
is brought upon by colors that fit

the square of her demise: child in blue.

### II. The Artist

The brush must reach, create an eye  
with the seeping of red into a blue iris.  
Once seen . . . and seeing . . . the lid closes;  
the brush rests in turpentine . . . in time . . .  
to discover, shortly, the other eye.

### III. The Viewer

The hands, caressed and born from without,  
express length and delight; yet from within  
they are small, as futile as her lifeless breasts:  
the white lace that lives as her heart  
provides no milk for the artist's table.

And so, our palate is dry, unstimulating, chapped . . .

*Daniel Walker*

### The Castle

Like Original Sin, its  
Shadow fanfares against a full note  
Moon and harmonious stars.  
Black as nightmare; clear as daylight.  
Ragged banners bearing burning pentagrams  
Flap their warp-weft wings in the  
Steady North Wind.

Along the Lake's whispering banks  
Pines and Oaks, natural pinnacles  
Lining the gums of a land-loving Balaena  
Daring the loyal, seeking sailor  
To set sail. Not to return  
To tick mattress, down quilt, steady home,  
But to algal slimed rocks, bloated organs  
And rib gleaning catfish.

The Three Sisters stir their caldron,  
Claw the clouds into grey strands,  
Blow them over the stars.  
Droplets strike the Lake and ripple,  
Hit the flags—dipping, twisting, slackening,  
Huddled in my rusty cloak, I cower  
Beneath a mist washed fern  
Wishing for a way out while  
Searching for a way in.

*Nathy Boyd*





**Another Deliberate Meal (a 93 line poem)**

to T.S. Eliot, at space

Deliberate waves—the dealing of sea smoke,  
feet squander through squander,  
the fire in the waves takes no place  
in the mess of a life for shallower water.

Combining hands with a windmill,  
the harvest has dried at such an age,  
the time before chronicle steps  
in the face of a death during a single war.

Combat is divine for the divine in divinity,  
but who stokes the fire for the strangled?

Matching the ever present wit against end,  
the stroke of the green mesh winds separates  
an acre, the livelihood of sheep  
from the pleasant sleep of widows and forced fools.

Solemn combination—the sleep of the stem,  
petals delighting in obscure farmlands,  
cities to the guttered sidewalks and trash  
that outline the life of the non-life that lives.

Combat is divine for the divine in divinity,  
but who stokes the fire for the strangled,  
and as Eliot presumed, who in the hell should presume?

With no wind at our backs anymore,  
no shoes to find the richness in mud,  
no gardening gloves to distract bad ivy,  
we presume to assume before awareness.

The knowledge now, is not even sufficient  
to measure out moments with coffee spoons,  
to ring up spaces on a rollaway register,  
to tilt machines with immovable genius.



Calibrating the signs of months seems vain,  
mere expressions of the synthetic carcinoma  
in the stellar phenomenon of Pisces  
and schizoid personalities that weep for dead cats.

Solomon knew when he reigned, to decide  
to separate the child into head and foot,  
relieving the pressure of warts on the brain  
and skeletal tumors inside fleshy feet.

Combat is indeed divine for the divine in divinity,  
but who stokes that fire that crisps the strangled,  
the presumed, alienated in unproclaimed asylums  
aimed at rubberizing the profits of intelligence?

Sleepiness and crusts of bread for supper,  
the hours deepen with man's control of them,  
day belongs without search, a profound abandon  
of the sights of a congested miracle, a life.

Then, as Eliot, shall we talk of tea or stones,  
of lace and slant-eyed serving saucers,  
of mink in the guise of mice—  
all tuned to a style of practical disappearance.

Father, give me a hand just to hold,  
one that strokes a returning smile,  
it is lonely here among the vacant stalks,  
and I bleed into their laps, soaking them,  
but they wipe me off and curse my weakness.

The stable that Eliot returned to seems secluded,  
it cannot as yet be trusted, yet its hands  
are warm with an answer, a dignified smile,  
something salutable in a half mast condition,  
while the rains wash the tan from my arms.

Brothers Frank, Charles, Thomas and Ezra—  
yes Pound with his battery blown hair,  
all served some hiatus to a special place,  
found charcoal to burn in the midst of this awful snow,  
delayed the freeze in one life or another.

Combat is divine for the divine in divinity,  
but who stokes the fire for the frozen of heart,  
those left behind to graze in slime,  
the slime of the self in a borrowed skin,  
the horror of a temporary encasement, a balloon  
blown free of a string or a hand or an encircling air.

The reluctant voyage of an infant without choice,  
decided a name and a face, a smile,  
controlled by the myopic fingers of a parental glove  
that circumvents the illusory comfort of breathing,  
the poisonous village of the unsigned family.

When the feeding is mercilessly finished,  
the child produced determines its fate  
upon the shoulders of rustic fools that write  
on the sparsity of flight and the home of death,  
the minor predicaments of a fluid spasm.

Another stanza for those in divine combat,  
the lost who stoke the fire for the dispersed,  
the angered travelers and spiteful guardians;  
the ugliness of the Stearns WasteLand  
becomes the saviour to characters, sitting,  
begging for a rotten hole to summon them,  
to baste them in some perfection, some soil.

So sit, damn fools—in the crevice of blindness,  
marking the stones, each leaf, all trees  
with a drop of our precious red glue,  
tossing the doves of all our hope into fences  
that separate the wings from the breast;  
Make yourselves, myself, another fowl meal  
that sticks to a memorial that only breaks with time . . .

*Daniel Walker*







## The Full House

Try for the two-car garage,  
Happily-ever-after family treehouse,  
Or go for what's behind  
The deep-cut glass and separate brass beds,  
Supported by the Fun House that Jack built  
With imported mirrors and important people.

We promise both rich and poor, win or lose,  
A vacation for two or one,  
In the resting place of your choice.

First, let's meet the Heart family:  
The Joker—he swallows his foot if a crowd applauds;  
Mrs., a contortionist and full-time mother,  
Content to bend from room to rubber room  
Till she loses her hand to his house;  
And Alice, the product of a poor, hungry marriage.  
An accident whose time has come,  
She nibbles her crumbs in the hope of reaching  
Full size in the looking glass.

Now, let's greet the Diamonds:  
Sir Sr., retired, Esq., Ltd.:  
Mrs., the Queen Bee, who toasts to the settlement,  
Content to trade her last partner for shares  
In the corporate world's royal flush;  
And Alice, the heiress to a wealthy divorce.  
Another daughter of the game,  
She powders her nose in the hope of tripping  
Outside the castle walls.

So choose a lifetime supply of predictable soup,  
That keeps Jack in the mood for love  
And a tumbling Jill,  
Or a chance to settle down into dead rabbit furs—  
With the rate of inflation and birth,  
The meat seems more proper for a long winter's supper.

Yet what can a poor girl possibly lose  
In a house full of sugar and spice  
And a rooster in every pot?

*Jim Palumbo*



## The Attic

A curious six-year-old boy,  
I searched among the attic's ruins  
For a glimpse of a glorious past  
Or some hint of the future.

I had to see for myself  
Why children shouldn't stay in the attic.  
It wasn't the cobwebs or mice  
But a face or a shadow.

I wouldn't believe the twisted tales  
Without sneaking up there alone  
To untangle the illusion  
And return to reason.

Since then, I've failed to forget the spot  
Where I ventured too close to the glass,  
And the face I see before others,  
Whether near or distant.

Before I sell the house to kids,  
I swear to stare into that fear,  
To climb the loft again  
And look beyond there.

So here, behind this web, I watch  
A different face appear  
And share the stranger's pain  
Within the mirror.

*Jim Palumbo*





## Diversions

### I

My train of thought  
strays to a time  
when there was a tunnel  
running under tracks  
that would stretch straight  
toward the deepening distance.  
We'd wait for freighters  
to speed through singing  
at the top of our lungs,  
ready for the roof to drop.

### II

The bark of a tree  
lies curled by its side.  
My fingers peel away,  
skin into wood,  
wood into skin.

### III

I have lain awake,  
alone, hearing the bark  
of a stray carried off  
toward the distance.

### IV

I listen now,  
my ear pressed to the cold.  
The rail has shed its stillness,  
again begins to tremble  
and sing.

*John DiDonato*

### **Meditation from a Small Town in Kansas at Noon**

I've seen it like this before,  
This stillness in the air  
When the whole world seems hushed;  
And one can never know, in this flat land,  
What the ensuing moment will bring:  
Is this the darkening hush that, devil-like,  
Unlocks the gyre of the storm,  
Or a different kind of hush  
That wraps us in darkness only to give us new eyes  
And scatter us from the womb?

The whole earth waits -  
The quiet stalks of wheat,  
The lone oak, the great plain,  
This silence within me,  
Strains to hear the sound  
That will break this dread quiet  
Tell us what the sky will give:  
For from it we have seen the black tornado  
Swirl down like an angry god,  
But have also seen the darkness crack  
And light flood upon the earth like a dream.

*Ken Henderson*



When the sea falls,  
its great waves hushed,  
measured, sighing —  
when the cold wind dies  
and sand settles on the shore —  
when low clouds hover  
and the moon floats high,  
veiled by pale mist —  
then shadows say —  
but no — not they,  
my own . . . I cry:  
“This is what we were . . . .”

*Joe Lew*

### **October Leaves**

October leaves fall  
But the tree is motionless  
Awaiting its fall.

*Ken Henderson*



### **The Gravedigger**

I shovel into the earth  
Knowing that this will be the last home  
Of that body, decaying over there,  
In its box of wood.

My shovel, digging, makes a sludge sound  
In the thick, moist soil.

The sharp blade of my spade  
Slides through the worm,  
Now two instead of one.

I do my job carefully,  
With great patience,  
Piling my dirt into a heap.

I can feel  
The decay  
Already.

*Ken Henderson*



### Guillotine

Would that we were Jacobins.  
Our instruments of torture  
Dangle  
In rusty decrepitude;  
The knife wants for a whetting-stone.  
Glazed eyes  
Watch a blade  
Fall in  
Suspended  
Animation  
Interminable  
Death.

*Lori Murphy*

### With My Permission

Kick dig those spurs!  
Gouge ravines with your knife!

I'm callous.

I don't sense the red fireplace  
poker singe, then aromatically puncture  
my flesh.

Who wipes up the blood?  
YOU don't.  
Who stitches the lacerated corpse?  
YOU don't.  
GO AHEAD, strike again.

*Kathy Layowski*

### **Screaming**

Knotty pine walls, off-white halls  
Comprise a house that's home.  
Living-room-bound  
Little boy screams  
"Hi! Hi! Hi!"  
Little mind screams  
"Don't ignore me  
Just because you're so smart  
Because I can't say more than five words  
Because I'm littler  
(Although five years  
Does make one a big boy)  
And different from you."  
Outside, people stare  
At little boy  
Screaming "Hi! Hi! Hi!"  
And I'm glad  
He can't see yet  
What their minds scream.

*Lori Murphy*

### **Potpourri Stuffed in a Mayo Jar** (apologies sincere, Plato)

Potpourri stuffed in a mayo jar  
Muddled, muted, mashed  
Past recognition. Buds and spices  
Illuminating, emanating, ejaculating  
Petal phantasms. Symposium  
Swallowing, staggering, sodomizing  
Plato's teacher. Thoughts and logics  
Twisted, tainted, tortured like the  
Potpourri stuffed in a mayo jar.

*Kathy Boyd*

## Peace

The fan rotates slowly,  
blowing stagnant city smog  
in my face. This is  
uncomfortable, but I am not  
a god,  
and therefore I am powerless to stop it.  
The smog.  
Not the fan.

Someone's stereo is droning  
on and on,  
keeping me awake. My  
eyes are growing heavy,  
my head light, and  
my limbs leaden.  
If I suddenly jump up,  
turn off the light,  
and cover myself up  
with the sheet,  
this world will not fall off  
into oblivion,  
So I must stay.  
I cannot run away.

Dense footsteps in the hall  
warn me of a visitor's approach.  
But this being does not come  
to call on me;  
his falling feet  
continue past my door.

It is late,  
and I am tired.  
This fatigue is becoming  
the habit that  
sleep no longer is.

A cool breeze  
blows across my face.  
The temperature is dropping  
pleasantly. Life is calm.  
A pigeon coos his mate to rest,  
and a squirrel scurries up  
the sycamore outside my window.  
Life is serene.  
How I wish it were simple too.

I do not coo,  
nor do I scramble up trees.  
But I do sleep, and long  
for the tranquility it brings.  
Life is weary,  
but also it is kind.

*Carol Lee Taylor*



### Night Weaving

In the ever-tightening weave of night,  
the old woman crochets in her dreams.  
And link by link,  
and chain by chain,  
she stitches onward;  
A dark yarn background  
with moonshine wool.

Her woven pattern, a simple one,  
sifts light through chinks for stars to peep.  
The moon in full prime  
casts tendrils of shadow;  
the lint-frayed edges, a beam  
streaking desolate minds  
with airy dreams.

Its task fulfilled, to chase dark spirits,  
the old woman unravels the moon.

As the bright wool shimmers,  
floating to fleece,  
dark yarn re-washes  
in golden-pink glimmers,  
while dreamers untangle from sleep.

*Kathy Belin*







## The Word

"Why is the house so still?" she dreams.  
"Tonight's a special night;"  
For though she's deaf, her instinct hears  
The falling and the rising  
Of spirits in America.  
In her first winter here,  
A Spanish child with constant warmth  
Searches for some new feeling.  
Before today, she heard no sound  
That might translate this thought—  
Not in the lights of red and green,  
Nor in the golden songbirds.  
No animated fantasy  
Disguised the word she had  
When his white hand relieved her tears  
And then returned her family.  
She had been lost; he spoke to her,  
He made a face and laughed.  
He asked if she spoke English too;  
He knew without an answer.  
Then, when they crossed the city streets,  
She stopped to see the word.  
"They call it 'snow,' a gentle sound;"  
She saw his lips form "flurries."  
And yet, at home, the word still moved—  
It kissed and blessed the ground.  
Her mother fed these two cold mouths  
Hot tea and fresh-baked brownies.  
They thanked the man with clean, white hands  
For bringing home their child,  
Who sleeps in peace upon the couch  
Until she wakes up smiling;  
For Father has the candle lit—  
The word and then the smell.  
She runs to see what he has seen  
Beside the new, sweet melting.  
She feels the card's snow-covered streets,  
But hears much more than this:  
On the outside: "To Linda Paloma"  
And inside "Always Christmas."

*Jim Palumbo*

## Miracles

Jermy was a nervous man, and a religious, but if you'd accused him of being superstitious, he'd have been among the first, and most vocal, to deny it. "Not a bit, not a speck, not a egg-yolk," and he'd leave you with your mouth hanging open. If you'd asked him just what made up his religion, he'd have said, "Faith. Just as big and as strong and as hard a faith as a man can have."

A fundamental part of Jermy's religion was the sense of the crosses a man had to carry on his shoulder. You could see the weight of Jermy's cross—he carried it on his right shoulder—it made him limp. If you asked him what his cross was, he'd have admitted it was his family.

His wife was dead—sometimes he felt she had added to the weight by not helping to bring up the boy. When the boy was little, not able to understand the true import of such things, he'd asked Jermy to move a mountain. "But I can't do such a thing," Jermy replied. The boy wanted to know why not, since it said in the Bible that faith like a mustard seed could move mountains. Jermy had told him, "It's just a figure, boy, just a figure." The boy hadn't understood what Jermy meant by "a figure." Jermy tried to explain it. "It's something that just means something else . . . a real miracle is the incredicality of the human body." The boy still hadn't understood. Jermy told him, "When you get older, boy, you'll understand." But the boy hadn't.

So, when the boy was twenty-five, it was natural for him to think he hadn't any faith, and that it wouldn't do him any good to be able to move mountains. It was just as natural for Jermy to be shocked when the boy came home one day and told him he hadn't any faith. At first, Jermy wanted to blame it on the college the boy had dropped out of, or on the boy's mother and her bad habit of dying so young, but that just made the boy moody. Jermy decided this was going to be a fact of life. He resigned himself to carrying this heavy load, yet it still hurt him to think about it. He was glad to find that the neighbors felt the same way. "My son's an acrostic," he'd tell them, and they'd look at him funny. "He doesn't have any faith," Jermy repeated, and they'd shake their heads.

Once it had started, there was no telling how far the boy might persist in his unbelief. The boy didn't even believe the news the newspapers delivered to them was true. He wouldn't buy one for Jermy on the way home from work. He wouldn't even touch one. He said he didn't want his hands dirtied by the slanted yellow stuff. Jermy thought he was talking about the chinks, or some such thing, at first. Jermy was glad he hadn't gone to college—he liked having faith. It gave him great pride.

Jermy left the apartment to buy a newspaper at five-seventeen every afternoon, so the boy would see him as he came home from work. But one afternoon he forgot to look both ways, remembered in the middle of the street, looked up, and saw a foreign-looking guy with a beard, in a truck, screeching



toward him—and he couldn't move. "Lord, help me!" he cried. And then he felt as if the ground had been knocked out from under him.

He felt warm all over—except for his right foot. And part of the leg. That was cold. His foot seemed to be floating somewhere, off by itself. He wiggled his toes and opened his eyes; his foot was dangling in front of his face, and his wiggling toes were waving at him. His foot was in traction. He wanted to know what had happened. He turned his head and saw the boy. "Thank God you're all right!" Jermy was confused. "It's a miracle—that's all you can say about it!" That was worse yet—the boy must be making fun of him. Miracles was just figures, that's all. He wanted the boy to explain it to him, but he couldn't. Just kept on blabbering about the miracle. Jermy was understandably upset about this nonsense, and wanted the boy to talk sensible. But then the boy started a new track. "It's that faith that saved you. I heard you. 'Lord, help me,' and He did. It's faith like that can move mountains," Jermy wouldn't have any more of this talk. He began carrying on so, the nurse came in and made the boy leave.

They gave him a shot in the arm to quiet him down. The nurse wanted to give it to him somewhere else, but he wouldn't have any of that. It did his body good; he didn't want to fling himself around any more. When a spasm hit him so that he wanted to, he just reached up to that triangle-thing hanging above his head and squeezed it, or tried to pull it down to him so hard that it lifted him out of bed, but the shot in the arm didn't do his head any good. He kept thinking about that miracle thing the boy believed. There was a part of him that wanted it to be at least a little miracle, for the boy's sake. That same part also knew it would do him proud to be able to tell the neighbors that his faith was great enough to call down the Lord's wonders and to convert an acrostic. But the bigger part, the truly Jermy part, knew that miracles was just figures.

It got later and later, and that little part wouldn't go away. It seemed to creep up underneath him, and every time it did, Jermy reached up to that triangle-thing, pulled himself up, and let himself drop on that little part, hoping to crush it. Once he thought he heard something crunch, and really believed that he'd crushed it. But he was wrong.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, he figured, when the doctor came in to see him. Jermy didn't like him. He was too young. He had a scrungy beard and long, greasy hair. Jermy thought he was an A-rab, maybe. Jermy asked for something to make him sleep.

"No, Jermy. Miracles don't happen much anymore. We're not going to let you crush this one so easily."

Jermy felt as if he had been struck dumb. How did this foreign doctor know about the miracle? When he could finally talk, he could only say, "Who told you

about it?"

"No one. Nobody had to. You see, I know you very well, Jermy."

"It was that boy. It had to be the boy."

"No, Jermy." The doctor smiled gently.

"It had to, it had to. Miracles is just figures."

"No, they aren't, Jermy. And no one knows better than I. I'm Jesus Christ."

Jermy reached up and started doing chin-ups on the triangle thing. He was that angry. "You should be struck dead. How dare you? You're nothing but a DP doctor, trying to upset an old man with your heathen talk. What do you call that, if it's not a doctor's gown?"

"It's the robe of the elect, Jermy. I've been sent by my father to give it to you." The DP doctor took off the gown and stood naked before Jermy. Jermy tried to control himself by doing chin-ups, faster and faster. He didn't want to see that man standing naked before him.

"You stubborn man. Will you not believe how small your reason is until you see through my eyes?"

And suddenly, it happened. Jermy felt himself standing naked by the bed, and his real body was doing chin-ups in bed, and his head was beginning to shrink. His body moved, faster and faster, with a jerk, with a jerk, and then his shrinking head got caught inside the triangle, and he was strangling. His body was hanging sideways, one leg in traction, his head in the triangle—still jerking. His naked body started walking backwards, and his little head was just the size of the triangle . . .

He'd heard afterwards that it had taken six attendants to quiet him. They looked at him funny when he asked them about the naked A-rab, or when he asked them how they managed to get his head out of that triangle-thing. He didn't have any more shots in the arm; he wouldn't have let them if they tried. The doctors and the nurses treated him different, now. He felt vulnerable, like a child. When they finally let the boy come to see him, Jermy thought he'd get down to the real facts. He asked about the accident—he knew better, now, than to mention the A-rab. The boy looked at him—funny—and then started to talk about the road surface, the velocity of the truck, the incredible reaction time of the driver. Jermy was upset. "You don't think it was a miracle?"

"Like you said, 'Miracles is just figures. They don't happen like in the Bible. The real miracle is the body.' And I never understood. Just look how well you're getting already!"

*Joe Lew*







### To Life

To life,  
From life, let me go  
in a favorite place, one inviolate:  
in a late-spring wood, liquid with light,  
and about me no craft but Yours—that pure work  
of intimacy—not icy metal and concrete, decaying  
wallpaper, polluted glass; not in tomblike  
bedroom, sterile hospital. May none  
be near save a Friend who is  
risen before, suffused  
with the ethereal  
radiance!

In joy  
too deep for song  
or words, let me comprehend  
the earth-bound clay below (before  
He leads me away from dust to eternity)  
and rejoice in that Sunlit world waiting.  
Ascent in warmth of welcoming sunlight, rapture of  
clarion skyblue—not into a frightening infinity  
of stars, nor remote and restless clouds  
—this I plead! Lord, if You will,  
lift me up in infinite  
light and clarity!

*Lori Schwabenbauer*

### Withered Branches

Into the night before all light has vanished,  
in red swirls of sun the trees of winter reach  
like fingers of nailed wrists their dead  
withered branches upward each

silent moment between heaven and earth.  
Those rooted wires untangled in air string  
a thin line of horizon through a muddled broth  
of clouds; the sky slices like a bird's wing.

All winter all souls wait within a darkness,  
silent, so cold; the frost that chills the branch  
brings to the soul quick sadness, a fleshless death.  
How, I ask, do we connect the world and life?

The sword-pierced souls all must meet the end,  
the limbs, turned dust and bone, must fall to silence.  
What is lost here is time and us; our mind  
floats between space and land. Control or just chance?

By God, see those roots leading up through the land,  
see the trunk, the sudden explosion of sticks,  
and the sky gathering them like a hand.  
From man on up, all nature seems to touch:

The winter sadness, the air, the roots of trees,  
and of course man on earth. How like  
Christ, in vain, those branches give us release  
from time. Life here is what we must make.

*Joseph F. Boyce*

Embedded deep within these poor clods of  
searching, dreaming clay is His token of unbounded love.  
With His master strokes of artistry, He carves from  
featureless edges our cold unruly hearts, then smooths  
each jagged point with cresting tides of warm tender  
caresses.

His taunting touch patterns each of us in  
sanded shades of our sun-swept destinies. He hovers close  
to us while the roaring waves flaunt their crashing  
challenge.

*Gerry Shields*







### **Meditation on Sleep**

Initially you lay there hoping to fall  
Back asleep, but then find you can't,  
So you get up, pour a tall  
Glass of milk and slowly begin to count

The hours, and then decide to go on back  
To bed. But still you can't fall asleep,  
You toss a little bit and hope the black  
Hours pass quickly, but they creep

Along immeasurably slow. It's then  
You get up, and go into the front  
Room, find a book, sit, and begin  
To read. That's alright for a while but

You soon get bored, and walk to the window and pull  
The shade and look out, and there, off  
In the distance, across the empty field, in full  
View for that moment, you see the train scoff,

A faint flash of silver, across the land,  
Sliding from one place to another, heave  
Of metal and diesel and people. And you're tired and  
Decide to go back to bed but still you can't sleep.

*Ken Henderson*

### Henry's Left

to John Berryman:  
"sit, sit, & recover & be whole"

Listen pal. Things repeat themselves.  
I repeat, things repeat themselves.  
I once did think not,  
but baby-like did greet each change.  
Then came a seeing groan as loud as Papa Bear's  
ended on a single note. Oh rot.

Hear me. Henry are gone.  
One long step below did remove  
from his back a staggering heap of bones  
picked clean. Know I of no love  
had greater than he for the above.  
Henry home. He tired playing with we.

Hey! That descent were not his, only.  
Alone he did sing his say, many times, once,  
bound to the top of a towering tree.  
With the fall he has dropt  
in our court the ball.  
Now pal, we is Henry.

*John DiDonato*



